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AMUSEMENTS TODAY.
Orpheum—Matinee and night. "The Greatest of These."
Grand—Matinee and night. Pictures.
Lyric—Matinee and night. Cameraphone.
Tabernacle—Free organ recital at noon.

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.
Fair.

A COLORED RAINBOW.

A delegation of colored men have called on Mr. Bryan and discussed the possibility of influencing the votes of their brethren in Ohio and elsewhere for the Democratic ticket. Not knowing the personnel of the delegation, it is impossible to say whether the proposal is a joke or the overtone to what is known as a campaign "touch." If the thing had happened here in Salt Lake it could be diagnosed at once as a scheme to separate some candidate from his surplus funds.

Possibly the Lincoln delegation was acting in good faith, but it is incredible that any intelligent member of the negro race should expect his people to vote against the Republican ticket. Long habit, the traditions of years, a certain childlike inability to formulate a new plan of action—all these have bound the negro voter to the Republican chariot wheel as inexorably as if with chains of steel. Nothing in the attitude of the Republican party of recent years has merited such devotion; but if reward were the purpose of fidelity, then the negro voter has been ignored with the basest ingratitude.

The Brownsville affair is only an incident. Bitterly the negroes of the country feel the injustice they conceive was meted to their soldier brethren, they will still vote for Taft. Not even such a blow in the face as the president's dismissal of the troops is strong enough to drive the colored voter from his servile devotion to a worn-out tradition. By and by the negro will wake up to the fact that he has advanced not a step in forty years, so far as recognition is concerned, and that the chief hope of substantial influence where he casts a dominant vote as he does, for instance, in Ohio, is in considering the issues independently and abandoning the old lines.

Meanwhile Mr. Bryan may content himself with the assurance that his voters were misguided, no matter what their intent. He has no more chance of swinging the colored vote against Taft in Ohio, or elsewhere, than Taft has of carrying Texas.

KEEP THEM IN AT NIGHT.

There are too many girls of tender years on the streets of Salt Lake long after the hour when they should be under the parental roof. While it is no doubt unwise to hold the check rein too tight, nevertheless too much liberty should not be allowed. It is a common occurrence for bevy of girls of 14, 15 and 16 years of age to prance up and down Main street at a late hour endeavoring to attract attention to themselves—and they generally succeed. The confidence of mothers is too often misplaced, and harm results where perhaps only innocent amusement was intended.

There are also too many youths just out of knickerbockers abroad during the night, who endeavor to attract the attention of the young misses who are allowed to roam at will. There isn't any possible excuse for such a state of affairs. The application of a hair-brush is recommended in both instances.

It is related that Diogenes upon hearing a boy swear struck the lad's father.

DOLLAR-A-DAY.

In these trying times of Republican prosperity, when everything is lovely and the goose hangs high; when the captains of industry have with one accord pitched their voices in an optimistic key and ever and anon a dispatch comes over the wires telling that more men have been put to work, it is a trifle disconcerting, to say the least, to run across the following dispatch in a Boston paper:

Hopedale, July 19.—A general reduction in wages was announced at the plant of Lieutenant Governor Draper yesterday, to go into effect next week.

Painters employed by the Draper company, at \$1.25 a day will suffer a cut of 25 cents a day, which means they will make \$6 a week, provided they are fortunate to get a whole week's work.

The men in the paint room received \$1.50 a day when they were laid off, a few months ago, and the few who were put to work since received the notice of the reduction.

One dollar a day in these times of high prices! Six dollars a week if the painters are fortunate enough to work on full time! How under the shining sun is a skilled workman going to support a family on that beggarly wage.

and what will become of the unskilled laborer and his family?

Lieutenant Governor Draper of Massachusetts is a member of the Home Market club of Boston, and one of the high priests and apostles of the high protective tariff, also one of the beneficiaries. He believes, to borrow an expression from a New England paper, that the Dingley schedules came down from the mount.

Who dares to protest against the thunders from Sinai? Surely it would be an unpardonable sin to call attention to the injustice of the system, and one can see no help for the unfortunate dollar-a-day skilled workmen. They have been told and apparently believed that their very existence depended upon the protective tariff system and voted accordingly, not realizing that the big manufacturer got all the protection there was to be had. They have finally reached a stage where the raising of a family is impossible on the pittance paid. What will the harvest be?

A TOGA AT STAKE.

Joseph L. Bristow, who was fourth assistant postmaster general during the probing of the scandal which sent several Republican officeholders to jail and banished several more, is a candidate for the seat in the senate now occupied by Chester L. Long. The contest is to be decided by the Republican voters of Kansas at a primary to be held ten days hence. There is this departure from the usual procedure, the man carrying the larger number of legislative districts will be declared the winner, and not the man receiving the greater number of votes in the aggregate. Consequently it is possible that the popular choice will fall short when it comes to counting legislative districts.

Along the Kaw, Solomon and Arkansas rivers excitement is at white heat, and the candidates are saying some pretty mean things about each other. The general impression seems to be that Long will knock the persimmon, owing to the fact of his having made good railroad connections in times past and the further fact that he has financial backing in the east. Bristow is somewhat of a reformer and has a creditable record as a public official.

Our own opinion regarding the matter is that while one or the other may, and probably will, be the Republican candidate for senator, the Bryan wave which is sweeping over the state will carry a Democratic legislature with it and leave both the contestants high and dry.

SOME MEN NOT APPROACHABLE.

The recent visit of John Archbold to the White House for the purpose of trying to induce the president to compound a felony, calls to mind a story told of Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, when a senator in congress. The "Little Giant" was chairman of the public lands committee in addition to being a statesman of commanding influence and a leader in the Democratic party. He was occasionally afflicted with rheumatism and at the time of the occurrence which proved that he could not be safely "approached," was confined to his room in Washington, one of his crutches he was compelled to use at times having been placed on the bed beside him.

The servant announced a caller and he was ushered into the sick room. Taking a chair some distance from the bed the fellow, after a few preliminary observations, began to unfold a land scheme which, with the senator's help, was sure to work out and make money for all hands concerned.

"Come closer," said Douglas. "Somebody'll hear you if you talk so loud."

Smilingly confident of the success of his mission, the man eagerly approached the bed, only to receive a whack over the head with the crutch, which Douglas had quietly grasped as soon as he divined the purpose of the grafter. The man crawled from the room crestfallen, with a broken head, having been taught the lesson that it isn't safe even to mention wrongdoing to some men.

Pastor Aked of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, New York, will doubtless pour forth his soul in peans of praise now that providence and the circuit court have saved that \$29,240,000 to John D., while the younger Rockefeller will blithely tell his Bible class of the rewards in store for the virtuous.

Judge Grosscup opines that, anent the Standard Oil case, Uncle Sam has no more power or right than any other defeated litigant. The remark was called forth by the action of the president in ordering a new trial.

Congressman J. A. T. Hull, chairman of the military affairs committee of the house, is among the debris left by the Republican storm in Iowa. The political cyclone, however, will not strike the Hawkeye state until November.

The theory that the good die young has been completely refuted, else how can we explain the continued existence of W. R. Hearst upon this wicked earth.

A parliament in Turkey is a decided innovation. Even Mohammedanism is unable to hold out against western civilization. China will have to hurry.

The Marathon race finally went to an American, but British officiousness spoiled the effect of a victory which otherwise would have been clean-cut.

The Lloyds might also insure Morse and the other promoters against a suit of stripes and a term in prison.

Blessed are the poor, for they shall get it in the neck.

To bond or not to bond—that's the question.

SOCIETY

Nearly fifty members of the Country club and their friends enjoyed the buffet luncheon yesterday at that place, and a large number stayed out for the match in the woman's golf tournament between Mrs. Jack Taylor and Miss Marge Miller. Mrs. F. E. McGinnis and Mrs. Kenneth Kerr will play their match today.

Mrs. C. B. Onderdonk was the hostess yesterday at a beautiful luncheon, followed by bridge, at the home of Mrs. Joanna Brentano of Chicago, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Porter. The affair was given at the University club, the long table in the private dining room seating the sixteen guests. Decorations of pink sweet peas and the feathery gypsy filler were used, and the whole affair was carried out in pink and white. The guests to meet Mrs. Brentano were Mrs. Sam Porter, Mrs. Wallace Erbe, Mrs. Louis Cates, Mrs. Lewis Evans, Mrs. Elbridge Thomas, Mrs. Sam C. Park, Miss Margaret Park, Mrs. C. R. Alley, Mrs. C. E. Parsons, Miss Gertrude Hanson, Mrs. George Alris, Mrs. Russell Schuler, Mrs. Fred Dorn and Mrs. R. M. Brecken.

Professor Anton Pederson and Mrs. Pederson are enjoying a real family reunion at their home these days, since their two daughters and son are all home for a part of the summer. Mrs. E. J. Walsh, formerly Miss Rennie Pederson, who has been a concert singer, is here from New York, and will spend the rest of the summer with her parents. Mrs. B. O. Carl, who was Miss Sigrid Pederson, is here on a visit from Portland, Ore., and Arthur, who has spent the past year in New York studying the violin, is home for a brief vacation before returning to his studies.

Mrs. A. W. McCune and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth McCune, have returned from Long Beach, Cal. Miss Elizabeth McCune will stay here two months before returning to New York to school.

The usual table d'hôte dinner with a dance following will be the order at the Country club today, and already numerous parties are made up to enjoy the dinner.

Mrs. David Keith and Mrs. John C. Cutler will both entertain matinee parties at the Country club this afternoon, each occupying with her guests the lower boxes on either side.

Miss Rae Barch will entertain on Tuesday at a supper and bridge party for Miss Joanna Brentano.

Mrs. Elbridge Thomas will entertain at a tea at the Thomas home on Second avenue this afternoon for Mrs. Charles Henrotin.

Mrs. Grace Pickering of Chicago is here visiting her mother and sister, Mrs. Williams and Miss Williams, at No. 2 Kensington apartments.

Dr. and Mrs. Jack Keith will entertain at a supper (tonight) evening for their guests, Miss La Chappelle and Miss Bella Blyth.

FROG TREATMENT.

Said to Be a Sure Cure for Cancer, and Scientists Are Interested.

(Boston Post.)
With his case given up by the cancer experts of Worcester and Boston W. L. Davis of 622 Main street, Worcester, believes that he will soon be restored to complete health through the simple application of live frogs, with which a physician is now treating the disease.

Hundreds of physicians and scientists through the east who have heard of the remarkable frog experiment upon Mr. Davis are today waiting for the deepest interest what is believed may prove to be the long-sought but up to date undiscovered cure for cancer.

By the application of a few dozen live bullfrogs in relieving his mouth and blood of the poison of cancer, the cancer the swelling inside the lower part of Mr. Davis' mouth and the upper throat has been so relieved that the worst experts of the state, with the only result that the glands on one side of his throat had to be removed, and his case seemed then unimproved, he began to believe the statement of the physicians as to the hopelessness of his case.

As a last resort he determined to try the frog treatment which he had heard of.

A boy was employed to catch a dozen of the animals, and the first experiment was recently made at his home. At the time Mr. Davis' throat was in such a condition that breathing had already become difficult, and he believed that he could live but a few days. The accepted belief among the profession that there is no known cure for this disease had been generally accepted by all the patient and a few of his friends.

The initial experiment with the frog succeeded with such results that after two of the animals had given up their lives Mr. Davis was enabled to breathe comfortably, and the inflammation caused by the virus of the cancer appeared to have strangely subsided.

Mr. Davis could also take food more comfortably than he had done for some time. The physician who had abandoned his case immediately became deeply interested in the new treatment.

It was discussed in Worcester as an unusual treatment, which there seemed to be no scientific reason.

Today Mr. Davis, while he is not entirely cured, is considered to be better than when experts were first summoned to treat him.

It is believed that in case the frogs used continue to prove as efficacious as they have thus far that a cure will be brought about which will go down in the history of medicine as the promoter of a novel remedy for one of the scourges of humanity.

Hundreds of doctors are today discussing the curious treatment. Should Mr. Davis regain his health permanently it is said that frogs will be at once experimented with in all the leading hospitals in the state. Should these experiments turn out successfully it is further believed that the discovery will immediately rank in the history of the sciences of medicine.

HEREDITY SHOWN IN HAIR.

Why Some Have Straight and Others Curly Locks.

(Literary Digest.)
Data that appear to make it possible to predict from the hair of parents the form of hair of the children—that is, whether it will be straight, wavy, curly or "kinky"—have been gathered by Gertrude and Charles Davenport of the Carnegie Institution's station of experimental evolution at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. The collection of these data and the writers' inference from them are described in an article entitled "Heredity of Hair-form in Man" in the American Naturalist. The writers describe at the outset the various morphological types shown by human hair. They say:

"Between straight hair, on the one hand, and woolly hair on the other, there are all degrees of closeness of spiral. For convenience three intermediate grades may be recognized: wavy, having a very slight or open spiral involving the entire hair from root to tip; curly, having a closer spiral involving the distal half of the hair; and small diameter. Now, although the conditions thus named are not discontinuous, they stand for types that are fairly well appreciated and distinguished in popular parlance, so that in a random lot of people practically all would place a given sort of hair in the same category.

Types of Hair-Form.

"These different types of hair-form are associated with certain differences of the hair on cross-section as well as in its method of growth. Thus straight hair is nearly circular on cross-section, and is usually straight in the growth. The elliptical and the long axis is to the short as 100.40 or 100.50. In wavy hair the proportions are as 100.60 or 70. The straight hair of the Japanese has the proportions of 100.50.

"Since the hair of most mammals is straight and nearly circular on cross-section, we may regard this as the basal condition and the flattened hair as a specialized form marking an advance in the differentiation of axes. In addition to this difference in cross-section hairs differ in the form of the hair-follicle, which is in woolly hair not only flattened, but curved in an arc through a quarter of a circle. Emerging from an incurved mold, it can only continue to roll up outside, giving especially its flattened shape; it rolls up into a spiral the plane of which, at the beginning, is perpendicular to the surface of the skin. As all gradations exist between straight hair and wool in other characters, so probably in the initial curvature. The intermediate nature of woolly hair is probably due to an intermediate degree of curvature, be-follicle, again, is a departure from the usual mammalian condition and is in the line of differentiation or advance.

Data Collected.

"We are now in a position to formulate our problem. How do the more specialized types of hair-form—much flattened, much curved, much straight and slightly flattened, slightly curved wavy hair—behave in heredity toward each other and toward the nearly cylindrical straight hair?"
The data for this study include the ancestral characteristics of about 500 children for two ascending generations. About 230 families are involved."

The data collected by the Davenports indicate strongly that the straight and spiral hair, the latter is the dominant form. Regarding wavy hair, they conclude that it carries both straight and curly germ cells. The recessive of their study formulate as follows, combining them in part with those obtained for eye color by the same methods:

"Two blue-eyed straight-haired parents will have straight, straight-haired children. Two wavy-haired parents may have straight, wavy or curly-haired children, but the chances for curly hair are slight. Two curly-haired parents may have children of either straight, wavy or curly hair, and the proportion of curly-haired offspring will probably be large."

THE FATAL UMBRELLA.

(New York Press.)

1. Genesis.
Things in this world go by contraries. Mrs. Longman lived in New York, the paradise of the rich, because she was poor and literary.

Mrs. Wealthy Widow lived in one of the suburbs, and when she had money and wanted to keep it.
Mrs. Longman was tall and untidy—a woman who always had a rip in her sleeve, a tear in her skirt, and some buttons off.

Mrs. Wealthy Widow was short, rather stout and as neat as a pin; although her husband had been dead beyond the formal period of mourning, she still clung to the habiliments of black.

Neither of these ladies was aware of each other's existence until they chanced to meet at a summer colony. Why they became friends? It would be hard to say, but every one knows there is something in the air of summer resting places which makes queer friendships.

By midsummer these two ladies were as intimate as the blind men and his dog.

At the end of the summer, like David and Jonathan, they could not bear to part.

In the middle of September came. Mrs. Longman said she ought to go back to the city. Mrs. Wealthy Widow said she must go home.

They parted with a mighty wrench, many kisses and heaps of promises to see each other soon.

2. The Gift.

It was late in October before Mrs. Longman had her apartment settled, her hips and tears sewed up, and was buttoned throughout.

Then she thought of her dear friend, Mrs. Wealthy Widow.

"So she did," Mrs. Wealthy Widow welcomed her with opened arms, warm kisses and hot tea.

The day was spent in picking over the past summer's gossip.

Mrs. Longman prolonged her visit until the cows came home, and it poured like cisterns.

"I will give you an umbrella. It is a blue silk one. I don't use it, as I am in mourning. Don't bother to return it," Mrs. Longman didn't.

3. Revelations.

Time flew into November, and the widow hadn't returned Mrs. Longman's visit, neither had she seen from her. Early in December Mrs. Longman received a brief note from the widow. It was a request for the return of the blue silk umbrella. The widow had left off her weeds, and it would just match her new blue dress.

Mrs. Longman immediately sent the umbrella back by express. The receipt she carefully deposited in the scrap basket.

Christmas came and went. Mrs. Longman had never seen nor heard from the widow.

The middle of January Mrs. Longman received a still briefer note from the widow asking for an immediate return of the same blue silk umbrella.

Mrs. Longman took a postal card and wrote, "I did send it," and began to think of the receipt.

Time went on as it always will, but Mrs. Longman heard nothing from her dear friend, not even an answer to her postal card.

One day, much to her surprise, she received a letter from the widow's legal adviser, requesting the return of a blue silk umbrella, borrowed the preceding October.

"Darn the woman!" said Mrs. Longman, and wrote the legal gentleman she had sent the umbrella back by express in December.

"Where is the receipt?" replied the legal gentleman.

"I have lost it," wrote Mrs. Longman.

"Then what evidence has my client that you ever sent it?" replied the legal gentleman.

"My word," wrote Mrs. Longman.

"Your word is not sufficient," replied the legal gentleman.

Mrs. Longman's indignation did not permit her to answer. As she heard nothing more, she quickly forgot all about the matter.

The widow did not forget. She wanted that blue silk umbrella. It matched her dress.

Once more she requested her legal adviser to write, demanding the return of the blue silk umbrella, or the payment of \$5, or a threatened suit.

On receipt of this last communication, Mrs. Longman fell into tears and said, "How could she?"

Then she took a sheet of paper, wrote, "You nasty thing," enclosed a \$5 bill and sent it to her dear friend.

BILL KENNEDY AND THE DICTIONARY

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

"In the old days down in Arkansas," said the stranger with the goatee and black string tie, "Bill Kennedy was a railroad contractor on the Memphis & Little Rock. Bill has gone up in the world since then, is a millionaire one or two times over, and owns, I reckon, one or two little railroads himself. But Bill, in the old days, was kept hustling to keep the mules fed on hay, and what with swamp fever and poor estimates, Arkansas did not look too good to him. Bill was always plucky, believed right along that he would come out on top, and there is no saying where a man with a belief like that will end. Bill lost his chances in giving providence a tip in the line of being a good man who surely would not look too good to him. He stuck to his gun, and with the aid of the missus in the cookhouse and Red Mike on the dump, kept his head above the swamps and finally pulled out something, if not much, to the good. In his leisure moments, which were not frequent, he would turn his attention to what the missus thought would improve his mind and help him not to disgrace his wealth when it came. Bill had no fear but that it would come all right."

"One of Bill's weak points was his spelling. Through the aid of his wife he had bought a dictionary, and he was a little better off, but he had moments of grave difficulty in affixing his John Henry Hancock to a pay check. But the consequence of English spelling put him on the run and while he never had any difficulty in saying what he wanted to say, he had a remarkable superfluity of vowels and consonants harrassed his efforts in a more or less legible expression of his views."

"Now, Bill had an old bookkeeper in those days—probably has him yet—a thin, dried up run of a man, whom Bill kept in the kitchen and behind his back, and estimates, and used as a safety valve to let off bad language that might otherwise have brought him into trouble with a better paid 'barber'."

Old man Drury had made several attempts to get away from Bill, and cursed him privately, but he was too much of a slave driver, but nobody else ever seemed to want him, and he always drifted right back to Bill. Because of this reason that he was cheap, and though he drank on the sly, Bill thought him sober, he was kept on as a sort of a remarkable man. When Bill was extra self-virtuous he would point with pride to what he had done for old man Drury."

"To Drury, in his struggles with English literature, Bill turned for assistance. 'What in thunder, Drury,' he asked, 'can I get to help me spell?' 'Learn it. There is no rule to tell you why a word is spelled that way. You just simply have to know. With me it's all guess work. And there a book that I can look up when I'm stumped for a word, and it will give me the right hang of it.'"

"Now, says old man Drury, 'You get a dictionary. All you have to do is to get a dictionary, and when you have it, you look up the spelling, all you have to do is to look the word up in the dictionary, and there you have the spelling all correct.'"

"This looked good to Bill and he gave old man Drury a check and told him to go out and buy the biggest and best dictionary in the market. So old man Drury went out and bought an enlarged and comprehensive edition of Webster's famous word books, and all right and proper to enlighten the ignorance of a man like Bill. When he plotted the dictionary on his exposed and conspicuous place on Bill's desk. For Bill's correspondence needed a desk by his time, and he had no commissary counter, which was now relegated to its proper use of storing dry-dialled sand for the diggers."

"Bill's literary explorations went on swimmingly, and he found more words in the dictionary and more ways of doing them than he had ever dreamed of. One day, however, the trouble came. Old man Drury was doing over his desk, when a violent explosion occurred in Bill's office, and the dictionary came hurtling past old man Drury's head and into the room burst in a violent emotion."

"Drury," yelled Bill, "that damned book is no good."

"What's the matter?" faintly asked the astonished Drury. "What's the matter, Mr. Kennedy? What's wrong with the dictionary?"

"It ain't got all the words in it," shouted Bill. "It's no good at all, Drury. I don't want no book that ain't got all the words in it. I've been looking for a word for half an hour, and I can't find it."

"It ain't got word were you looking for, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Why, Drury, I wanted to write the word 'pneumatic' and there's no such word in it. I tell you, Drury, the book's no blasted good."

"Where do you look for it?" inquired the patient Drury.

"Among the 'n's,' of course, you blasted fellow. Where do you think I should look for it?"

"When Bill found that 'pneumatic' was spelled with a 'p' he gave up the idea of writing the English language, and Drury went out and sold the dictionary."

"Now Bill is a millionaire, and his typewriters do his spelling for him."

WHEN TAFT WAS A POET.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Very few persons know that Secretary Taft has ever written poetry. Most people have an idea that a poet is a lean, long-haired creature who looks as if he had lost his best friend. The Republican nominee appears too well fed to be a rider of the steed Pegasus. But—

Once, before the world had heard about Mr. Taft, he made a visit to the home of a favorite aunt in Iowa, who knew not of his courtship of the muse. When he had told his beloved relative "how all the folks were" and answered her hun-

dered and one questions, and dined with special attention to the table, he proudly took from his pocket a couple of clippings from the newspaper which had printed his "songs." He admits the verses were clever.

The aunt of the future statesman read them diligently.

"Will you ask simply, 'do they print those things for nothing if you send them in?'"